

# *Some Less Well-Tempered Claviers*

JOHN GREY

This thinking is not all solitary.

Sometimes I take music along.

Johann Sebastian Bach,

you're on a kind of leash

as I drag you in with me.

Here's hoping the closeness

of the brain cells don't

stifle your gifts

or close contact with grief

sour those Apollo rocket

cathedral notes.

I only appear to be on the couch

with stereo playing.

I'm really wading through

the swamp of memory

and what's happening now,

all I've put behind me,

stuff that needs doing.

Not ideal for an organist

but a fugue's a fugue

whether it's a keyboard

or confusion playing it.